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COLOSSUS "GOD'S COUNTRY" 1

WRITER — Ann Nocenti
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INKER — P. Craig Russell
LETTERER — Ken Lopez
COLORISTS — Glynis Oliver & Michael Higgins

"COLD WARRIORS" — PART 2 OF 8

Vacationing in the heartland of America, Colossus found himself up against an ugly enemy — PREJUDICE. And now he meets — the COLD WARRIORS!

MAN-THING "ELEMENTS OF TERROR" 9

WRITER — Steve Gerber
LAYOUTS — Don Hudson
FINISHES — Tom Sutton
LETTERER — Bill Oakley
COLORISTS — Michael Higgins & Bobbie Chase

"PERCEPTION & ACTUALITY" — PART 11 of 12

Transformed by the Sallis serum into a "super-soldier," Colonel Jody Choate prepares to lead a similarly-altered band of Costa Dinoran "freedom fighters" on a covert mission to Moscow. In Washington, however, Mickey Ditillio's newspaper is about to go to press with the secret behind the shadow government — forcing retired General Edwin Seibert to take desperate measures to suppress the story. And beneath the stagnant waters of the swamp, something is stirring....

ANT-MAN "DRAIN STORM" 17

WRITER — Len Wein
PENCILER — Bob Layton
INKER — Bob Layton
LETTERER — Tim Harkins
COLORIST — Bob Sharen

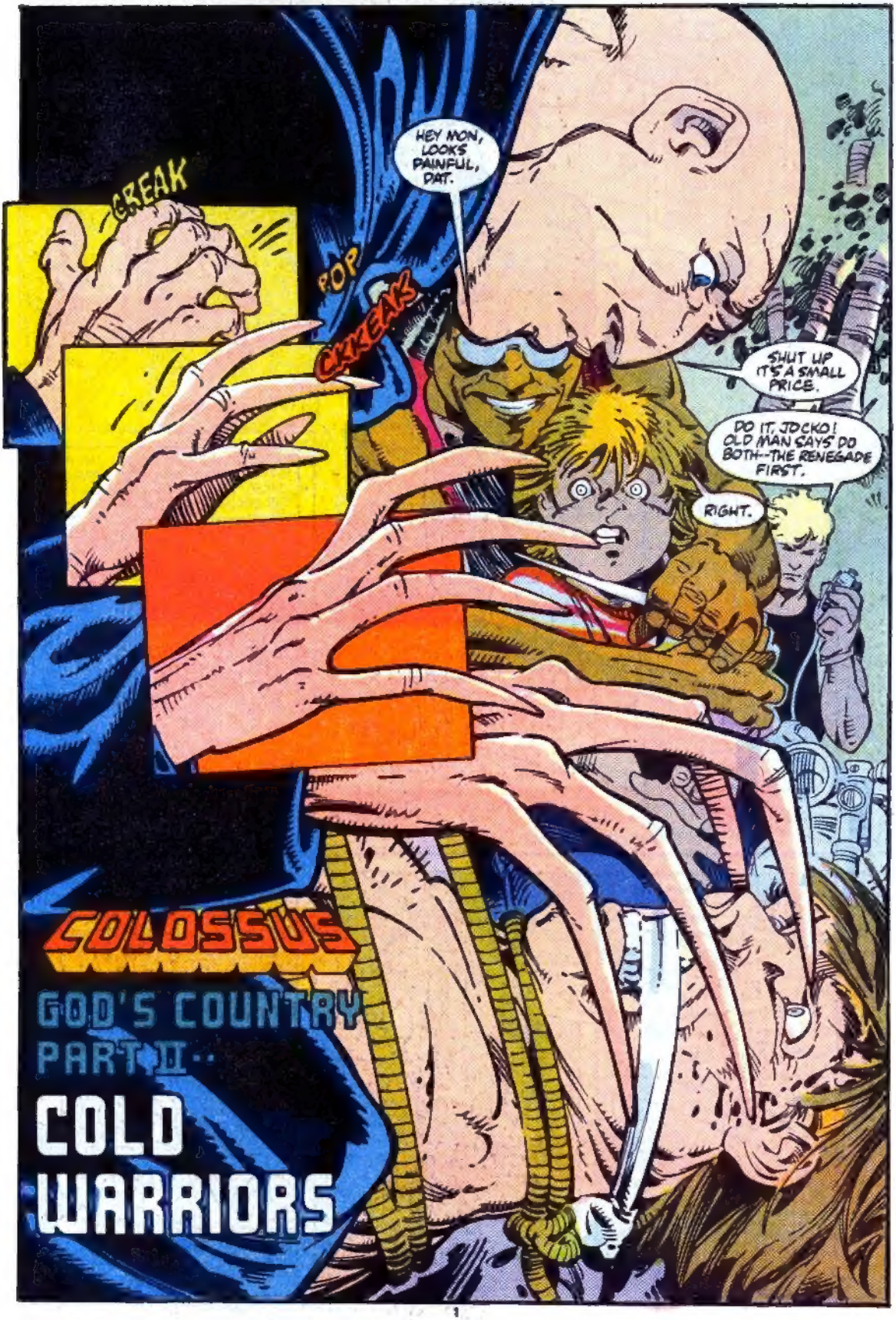
To some he is known as Scott Lang — owner of a small electronics firm, but to others he is known as the Astonishing Ant-Man!

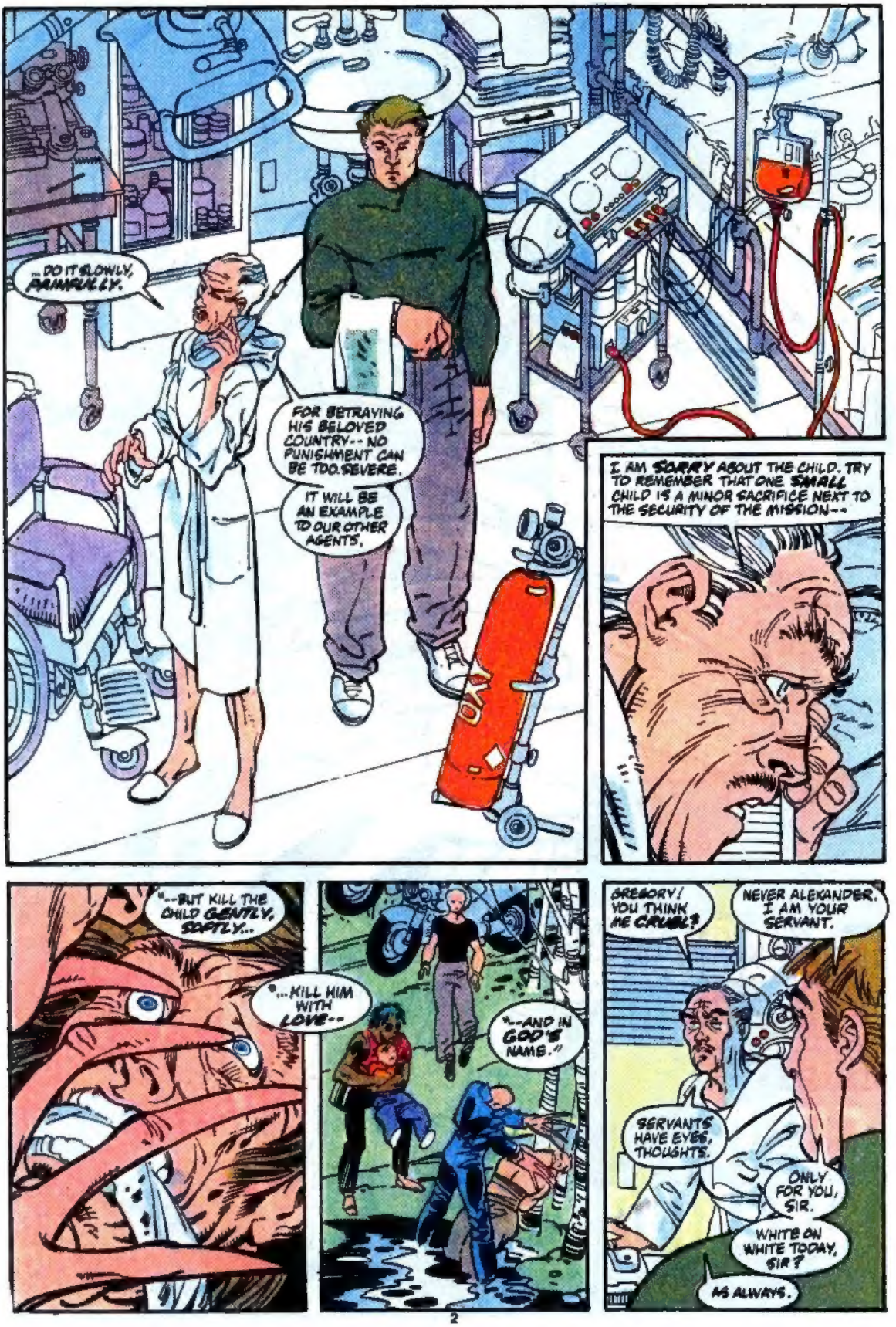
SLAG OF WOLFPACK "OVER AND OVER!" 25

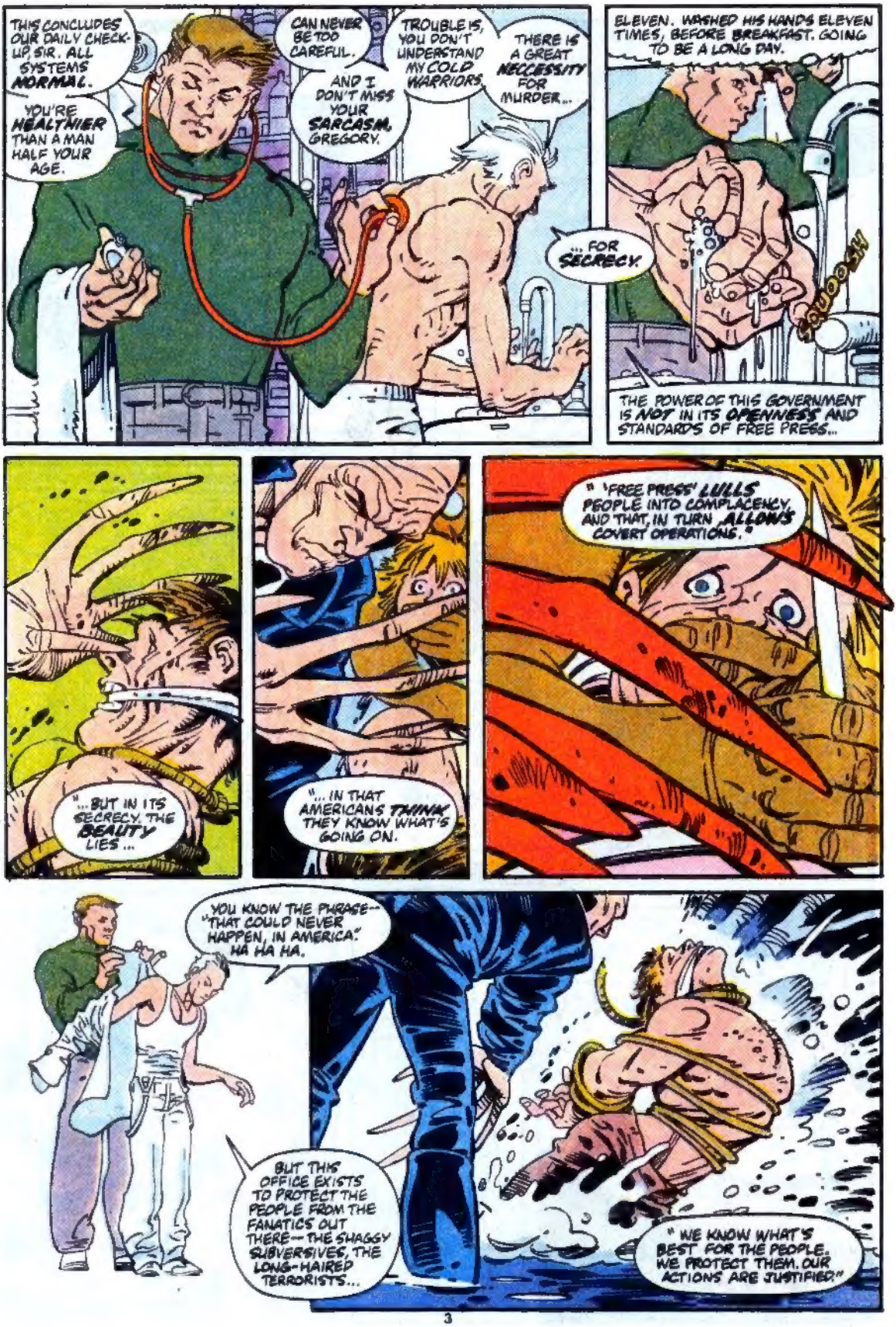
WRITER — John Figueroa
PENCILER — Ron Wilson
INKER — Chris Ivy
LETTERER — Michael Heisler
COLORIST — John A. Wilcox

Chosen by an ancient force of good, The Ten, a group of South Bronx teenagers battle crime and ancient evil. They are Wolfpack. He is their strength and endurance — He is Slag.

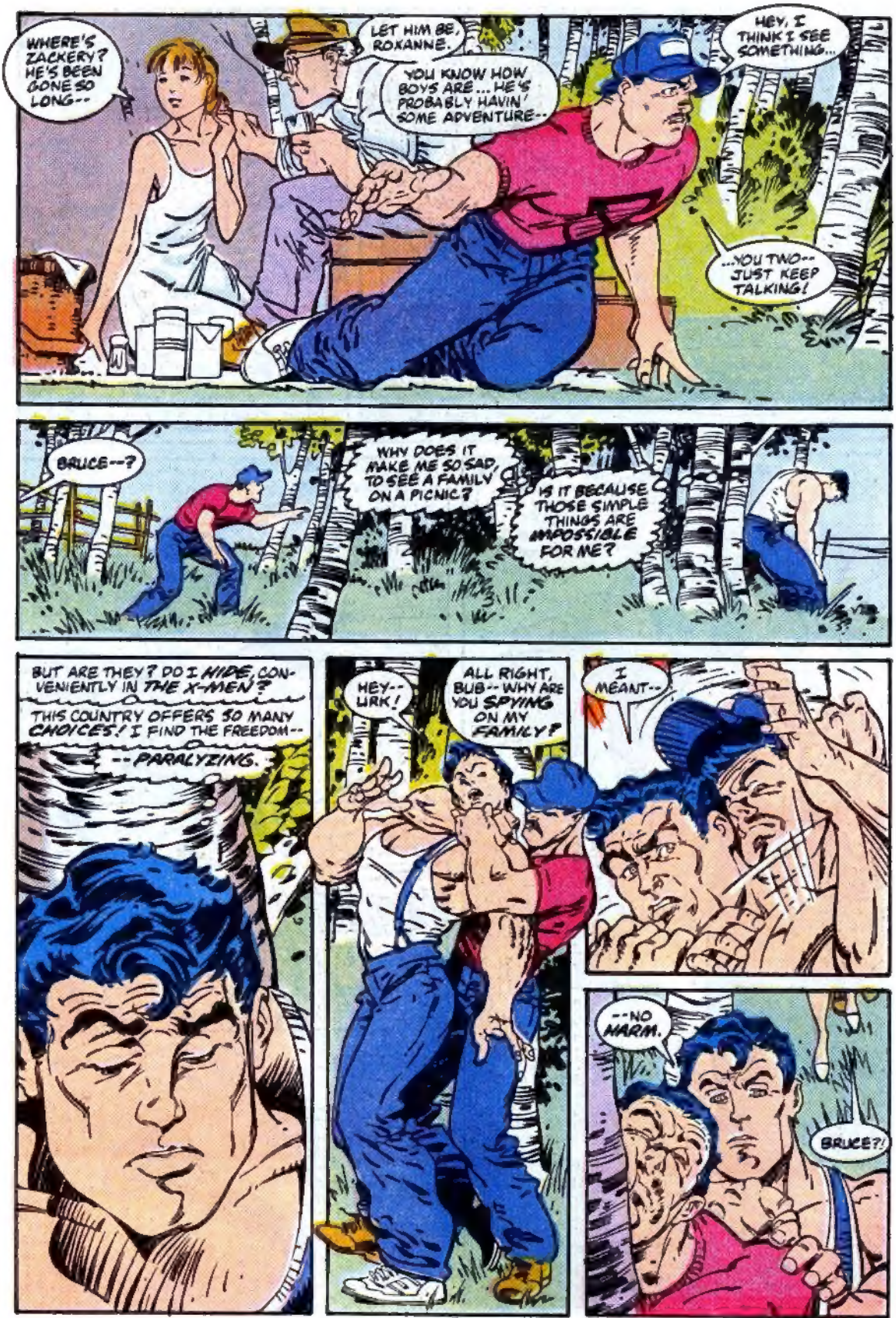
MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™ Vol. 1, No. 11, Late January, 1989. Published by MARVEL COMICS, A NEW WORLD COMPANY, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published bi-weekly. Copyright © 1988 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.75 in Canada. Subscription rate $15.00 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $21.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC.

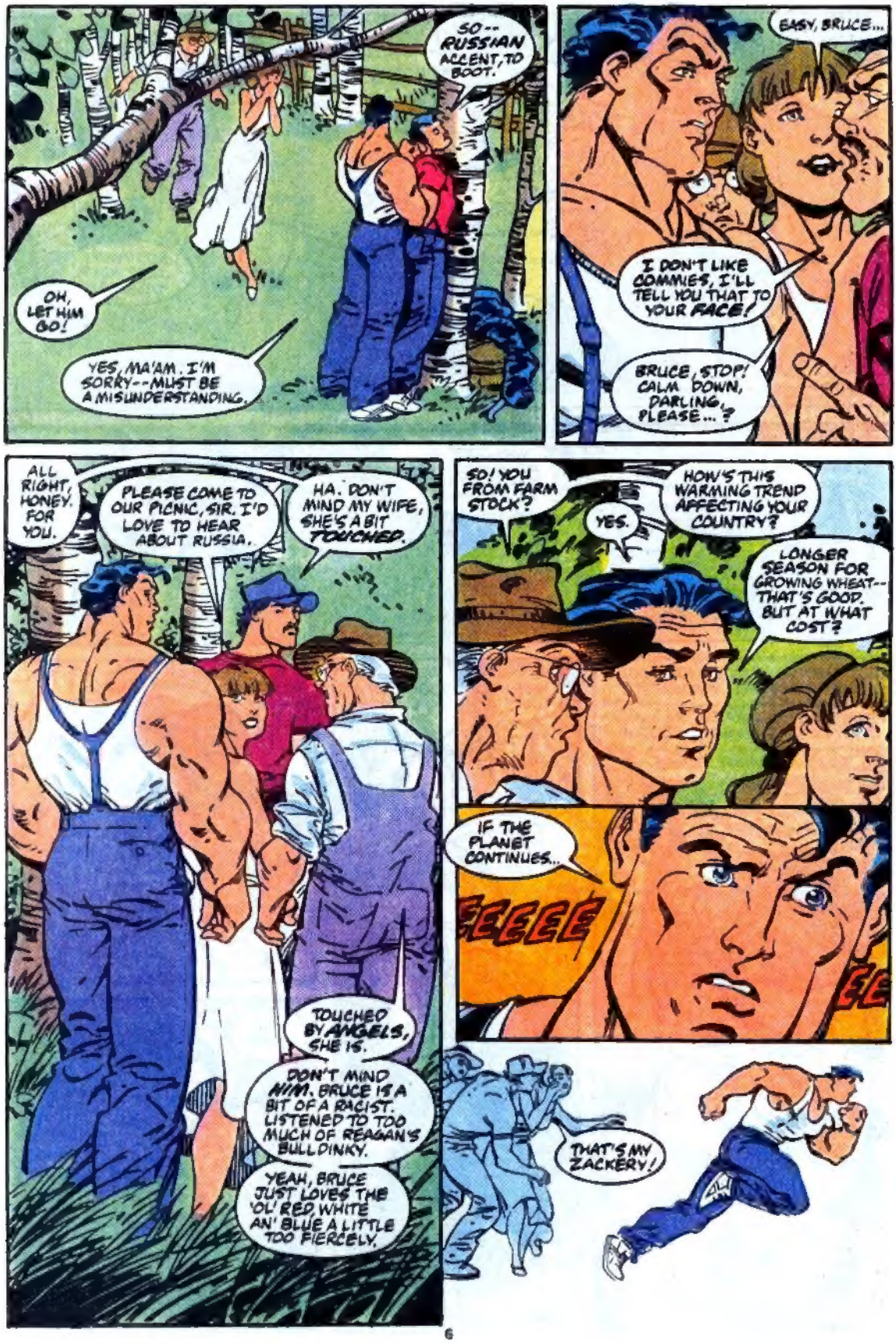

CREAK
POP
CRRKEAK
HEY MON, LOOKS PAINFUL, DAT.
SHUT UP IT'S A SMALL PRICE.
DO IT, JOCKO! OLD MAN SAYS DO BOTH--THE RENEGADE FIRST.
RIGHT.
COLOSSUS
GOD'S COUNTRY
PART II..
COLD WARRIORS


...DO IT SLOWLY, PAINFULLY.
FOR BETRAYING HIS BELOVED COUNTRY-- NO PUNISHMENT CAN BE TOO SEVERE.
IT WILL BE AN EXAMPLE TO OUR OTHER AGENTS.
I AM SORRY ABOUT THE CHILD. TRY TO REMEMBER THAT ONE SMALL CHILD IS A MINOR SACRIFICE NEXT TO THE SECURITY OF THE MISSION--
"--BUT KILL THE CHILD GENTLY, SOFTLY...
"...KILL HIM WITH LOVE--
"--AND IN GOD'S NAME."
GREGORY! YOU THINK ME CRUEL?
NEVER ALEXANDER. I AM YOUR SERVANT.
SERVANTS HAVE EYES, THOUGHTS.
ONLY FOR YOU, SIR.
WHITE ON WHITE TODAY, SIR?
AS ALWAYS.


THIS CONCLUDES OUR DAILY CHECK-UP, SIR. ALL SYSTEMS NORMAL.
YOU'RE HEALTHIER THAN A MAN HALF YOUR AGE.
CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL.
AND I DON'T MISS YOUR SARCASM, GREGORY.
TROUBLE IS, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MY COLD WARRIORS.
THERE IS A GREAT NECCESSITY FOR MURDER...
... FOR SECRECY.
ELEVEN. WASHED HIS HANDS ELEVEN TIMES, BEFORE BREAKFAST. GOING TO BE A LONG DAY.
SQUOOSH
THE POWER OF THIS GOVERNMENT IS NOT IN ITS OPENNESS AND STANDARDS OF FREE PRESS...
"...BUT IN ITS SECRECY, THE BEAUTY LIES...
"...IN THAT AMERICANS THINK THEY KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
" 'FREE PRESS' LULLS PEOPLE INTO COMPLACENCY, AND THAT, IN TURN, ALLOWS COVERT OPERATIONS."
YOU KNOW THE PHRASE-- "THAT COULD NEVER HAPPEN, IN AMERICA." HA HA HA.
BUT THIS OFFICE EXISTS TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE FROM THE FANATICS OUT THERE-- THE SHAGGY SUBVERSIVES, THE LONG-HAIRED TERRORISTS...
" WE KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR THE PEOPLE. WE PROTECT THEM. OUR ACTIONS ARE JUSTIFIED!"

AT ALL COSTS, THIS OPERATION MUST STAY OUT OF THE PRESS.
WE MUST FEED THE REPORTERS THE STORIES WE WANT THEM TO TELL.
CREATE SENSATIONAL STORIES TO OVERSHADOW THE REAL ONES.
"THERE IS NO REAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN OPEN AND A CLOSED SOCIETY---"
--JUST A FANCIER GAME OF MANIPULATION.
READY FOR BREAKFAST, SIR?
FIRST, I MUST WASH MY HANDS
TWELVE.
CLICK CLICK
SQUIRT
SQUIRT
SWISH SWISH
"GENTLY, SLOWLY, SOFTLY...
"...WITH LOVE, AND IN GOD'S NAME..."


WHERE'S ZACKERY? HE'S BEEN GONE SO LONG--
LET HIM BE, ROXANNE.
YOU KNOW HOW BOYS ARE ... HE'S PROBABLY HAVIN' SOME ADVENTURE--
HEY, I THINK I SEE SOMETHING...
...YOU TWO-- JUST KEEP TALKING!
BRUCE--?
WHY DOES IT MAKE ME SO SAD, TO SEE A FAMILY ON A PICNIC?
IS IT BECAUSE THOSE SIMPLE THINGS ARE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME?
BUT ARE THEY? DO I HIDE, CONVENIENTLY IN THE X-MEN?
THIS COUNTRY OFFERS SO MANY CHOICES! I FIND THE FREEDOM--
--PARALYZING.
HEY-- URK!
ALL RIGHT, BUB-- WHY ARE YOU SPYING ON MY FAMILY?
I MEANT--
--NO HARM.
BRUCE?!

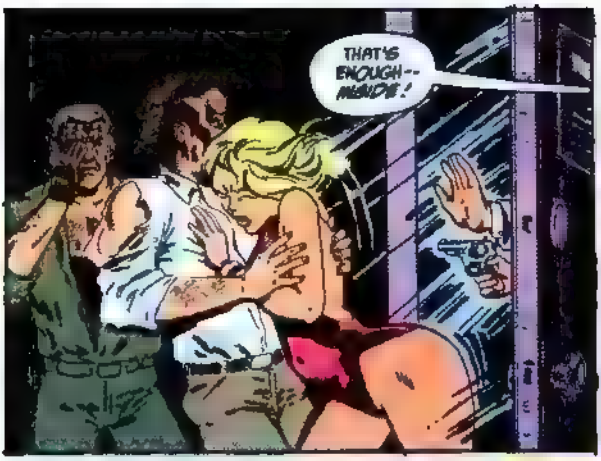

SO-- RUSSIAN ACCENT, TO BOOT.
OH, LET HIM GO!
YES, MA'AM. I'M SORRY--MUST BE A MISUNDERSTANDING.
EASY, BRUCE...
I DON'T LIKE COMMIES, I'LL TELL YOU THAT TO YOUR FACE!
BRUCE, STOP! CALM DOWN, DARLING, PLEASE...?
ALL RIGHT, HONEY. FOR YOU.
PLEASE COME TO OUR PICNIC, SIR. I'D LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT RUSSIA.
HA. DON'T MIND MY WIFE, SHE'S A BIT TOUCHED.
TOUCHED BY ANGELS, SHE IS.
DON'T MIND HIM. BRUCE IS A BIT OF A RACIST. LISTENED TO TOO MUCH OF REAGAN'S BULLDINKY.
YEAH, BRUCE JUST LOVES THE 'OL' RED WHITE AN' BLUE A LITTLE TOO FIERCELY.
SO! YOU FROM FARM STOCK?
YES.
HOW'S THIS WARMING TREND AFFECTING YOUR COUNTRY?
LONGER SEASON FOR GROWING WHEAT-- THAT'S GOOD, BUT AT WHAT COST?
IF THE PLANET CONTINUES...
EEEEE
EE
THAT'S MY ZACKERY!

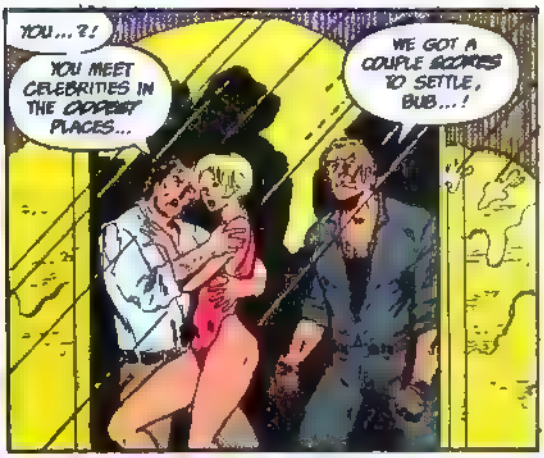
HOLD IT!
WHAT NOW?
SHOOT 'IM!
YEA, BOSS.
BUDDA
BUDDA
PING
HE'S MADE OF STEEL!
FULL FORCE, MEN!
FWOOOOSH
DON'T LET UP! HE'S GOT TO CRACK!

ZACKERY! HURRY!
MOMMY!
WHAT THE HECK--?!
DAD.. THEY KILLED.. KILL...
A DEAD...A DEAD...
WHAT IN TARNATION..?
OH, MY GOD! THEY AREN'T... REALLY... MEN!
WE GOT 'IM, BOYS! BE RELENTLESS-- HE'S GOT TO CRACK!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

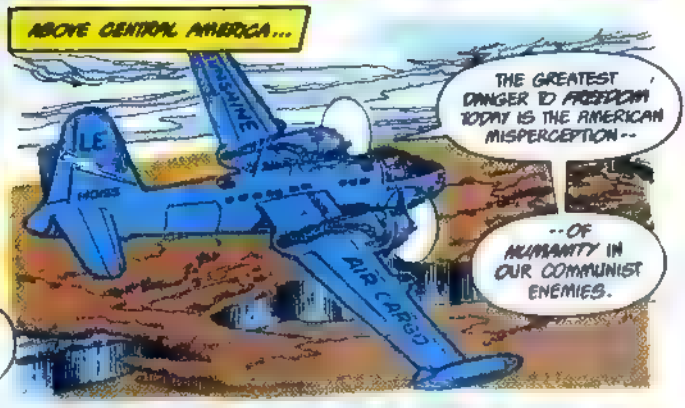
ELEMENTS OF TERROR
CHAPTER XI
PERCEPTION & ACTUALITY
MAN-THING
SPLOOOSH

ELSEWHERE IN FLORIDA...
BATES MOTEL
I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER! MY PLACE IS WITH THE MASTER'S MASSE...!
DON'T LEAVE! THE COURIER'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE WITH THE TAPE RECORDER! ONCE I GET YOUR STORY--
MAREA-- NO!
IN THE END, DITILLIO, IT WON'T MATTER.
NOTHING WILL.
EXCEPT THE ARRIVAL OF CHAOS ON EARTH--
--AND THE POUNDING OF THE MASTER'S KINGDOM.
...ALIVE?
NO.
BLAM!
ZAHNER, WAS THAT--?
GUNSHOT! RIGHT OUTSIDE--!
BUT WHO IN THE NAME OF--
LYSSA--?!
DON'T-- STAY BACK-- HE'S CRAZY-- HE--


THAT'S ENOUGH-- MANDY!


YOU...?!
YOU MEET CELEBRITIES IN THE ODDEST PLACES...
WE GOT A COUPLE BIZARRES TO SETTLE, BUB...!

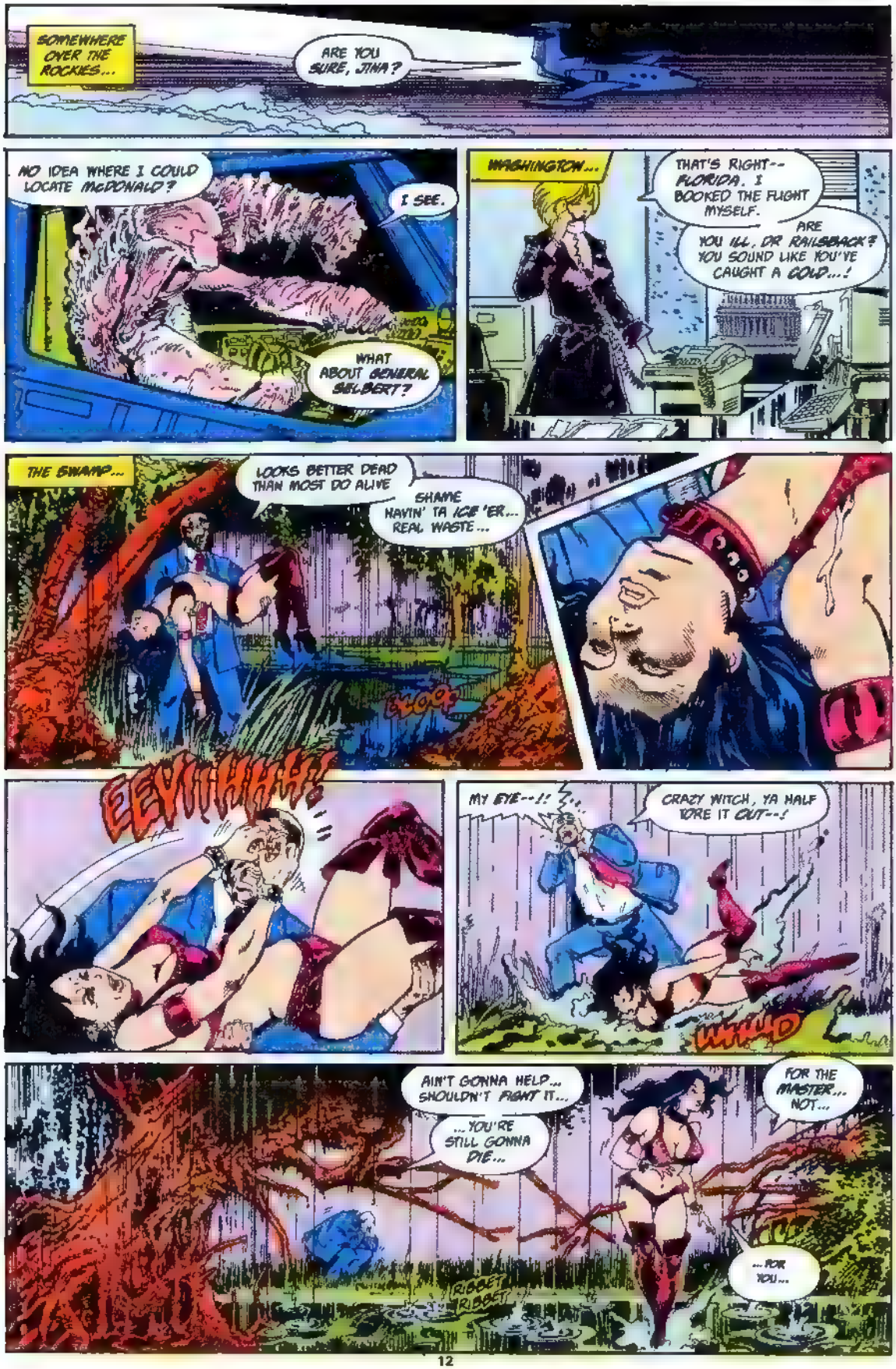
BE SEATED ALL OF YOU.
WE HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO DISCUSS TONIGHT...
...INCLUDING WHO WILL OR WON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM ALIVE.


ABOVE CENTRAL AMERICA...
THE GREATEST DANGER TO FREEDOM TODAY IS THE AMERICAN MISPERCEPTION--
--OF HUMANITY IN OUR COMMUNIST ENEMIES.
AIR CARGO

WE SO WANT TO BELIEVE THAT THEY REASON AND FEEL AS WE DO, THAT WE WILLFULLY DECEIVE OURSELVES.
THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE SOVIET UNION ACTUALLY RATES HIGHER IN SOME POPULARITY POLLS THAN THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
THAT IS INTOLERABLE.

AFTER OUR LITTLE CLEANUP MISSION STATESIDE, MEN--
--WE WILL PROCEED DIRECTLY TO THE TARGET OF PROJECT: GLAMOR.

AND CRUSH THE GRAPE.


SOMEWHERE OVER THE ROCKIES...
ARE YOU SURE, JINA?
NO IDEA WHERE I COULD LOCATE McDONALD?
I SEE.
WHAT ABOUT GENERAL SELBERT?
WASHINGTON...
THAT'S RIGHT-- FLORIDA. I BOOKED THE FLIGHT MYSELF.
ARE YOU ILL, DR RAILSBACK? YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'VE CAUGHT A COLD...!
THE SWAMP...
LOOKS BETTER DEAD THAN MOST DO ALIVE
SHAME HAVIN' TA ICE 'ER... REAL WASTE...
SWOOP
EEYYHHHH!
MY EYE--!
CRAZY WITCH, YA HALF TORE IT OUT--!
WHUD
AIN'T GONNA HELP... SHOULDN'T FIGHT IT...
...YOU'RE STILL GONNA DIE...
FOR THE MASTER... NOT...
...FOR YOU...
RIBBET RIBBET

FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS : INFORMATION.
HOW MUCH DID ZAHNER TELL YOU, DITILLIO?
WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM?
'CAUSE HE KNOWS I WON'T TALK--
--NOT TO THE WALKIN' CRUD THAT TRIED TO HAVE ME KILLED.
THAT'S UNFORTUNATE. FOR LYSSA.
SHE COULD GET HURT-- BADLY-- IN SMALL, EXCRUCIATING DEGREES-- IF THE CONVERSATION DOESN'T PICK UP.
HA!
DON'T LET 'IM SHOCK YA!
SELBERT AIN'T GOT NO STOMACH FOR THE HANDS-ON STUFF!
THAT'S TRUE, ZAHNER.
MY CHAUFFEUR, HARRIS, WILL HANDLE IT, ONCE HE'S DISPOSED OF MAREA'S BODY
"BODY"...?
THE SHOT YOU HEARD
SHE'S DEAD-- I!
I TOLD YOU..
I HAVE AN ENORMOUS STAKE IN THIS.
WHO LIVES OR DIES-- OTHER THAN MYSELF-- ISN'T IMPORTANT TO ME
PLEASE BELIEVE THAT.

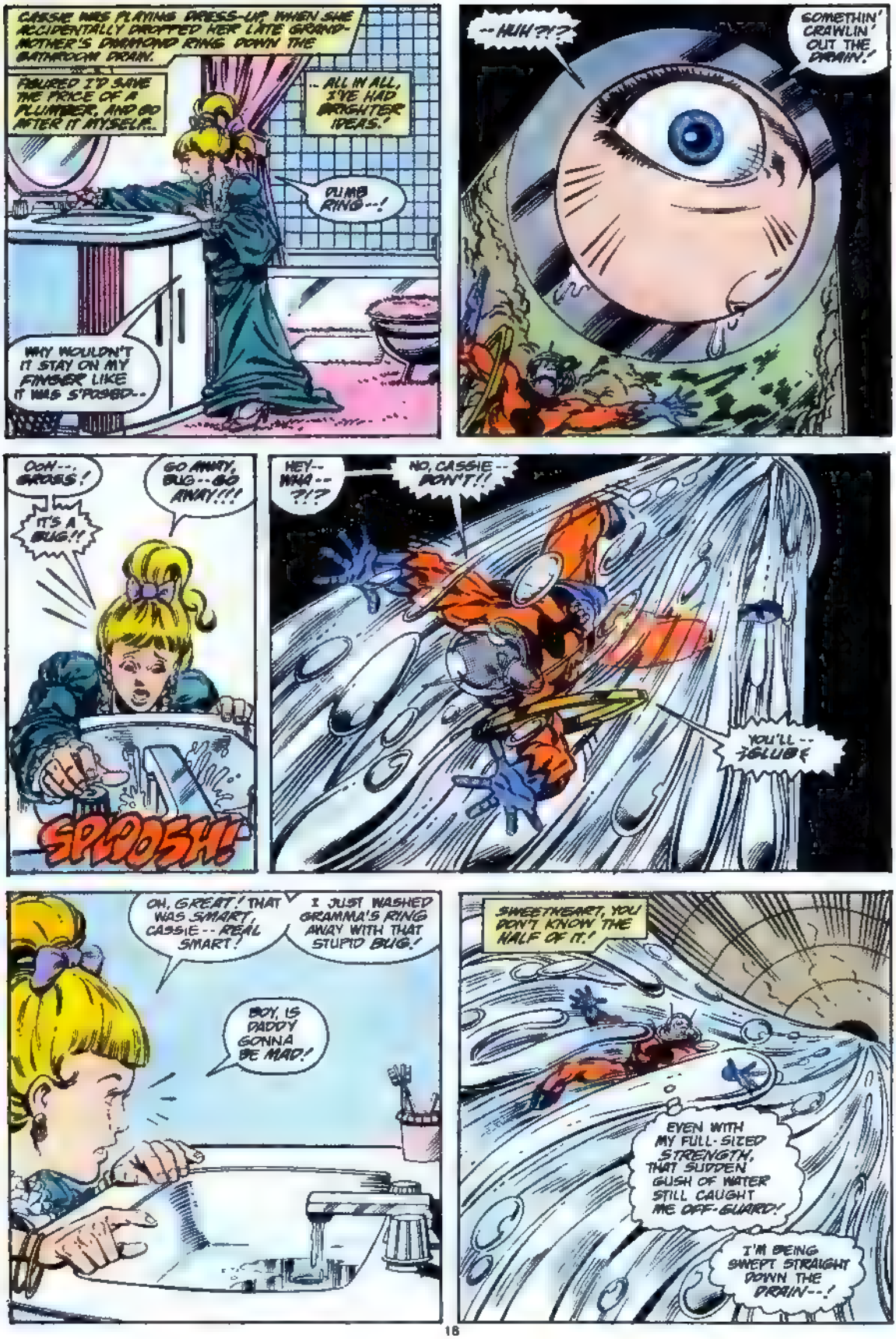
MASTER?
I'M HERE
DYING.
HELP ME, MASTER.
HELP ME FIND Y-- UNNGH!
SPLAA--
SPLOOOOOSH
!!!
DON'T STRUGGLE, SWEETS
ONE SHOT
AND IT'LL ALL BE--
WHA--?
AHAHAHA
NOT FOR YOU
I WILL NOT DIE FOR YOU
NEVER.
I'VE SEEN HIS... MESS.
WHAT...?
..MESSENGER..
..REBORN

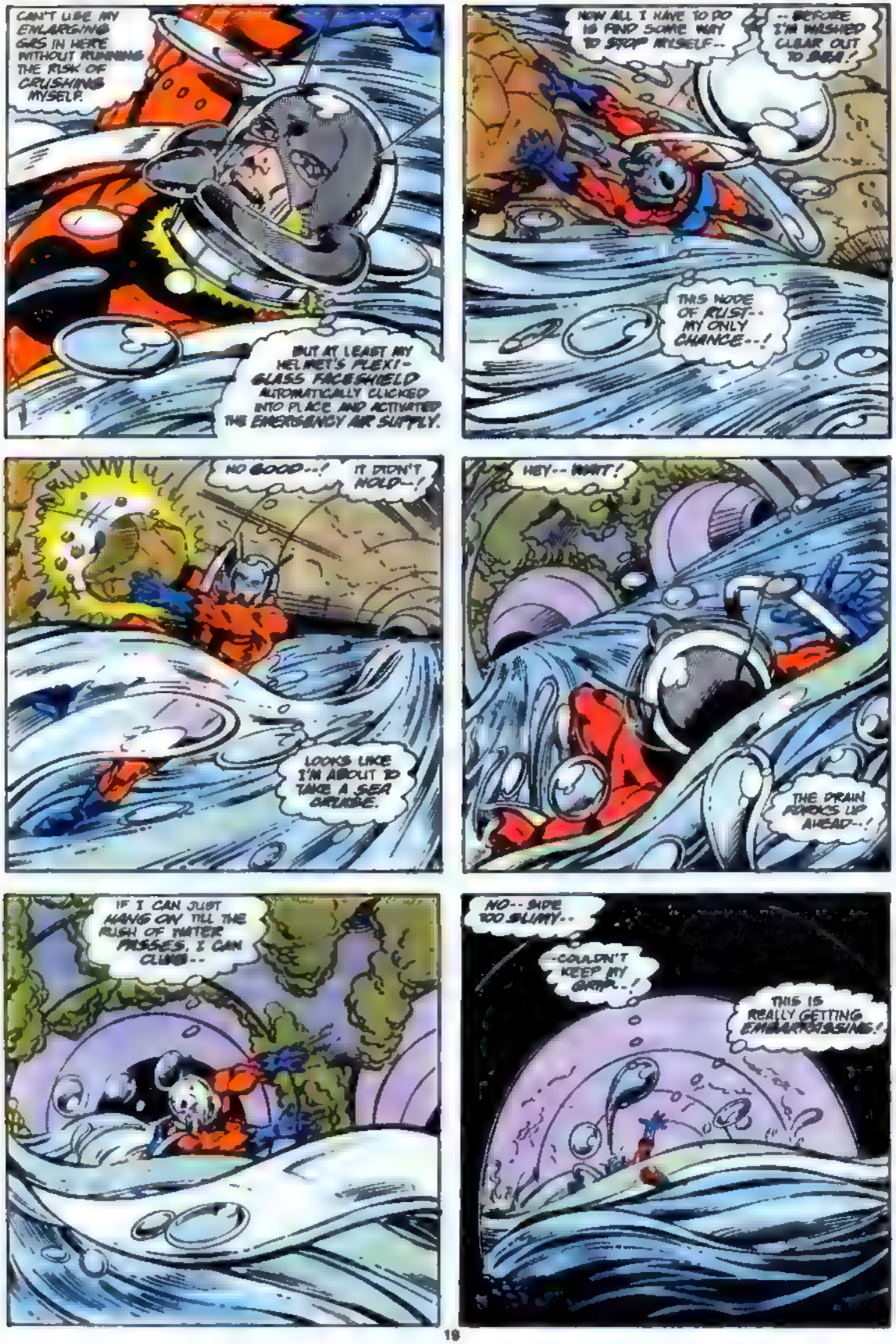
REBORN
ALIVE
CHAOS
ALIVE
WHO?
BE WITH
WANT IT
I AM
HIS
ALONE
HIS
CRAZY...'
HIS
THWAK!
TAKE
YOURS
NOW
!GNNGH!
TAKE
SPLASH
ME
"WHAT ROCK SO LONG?"
"BULLET DIDN'T FINISH HIM ...POUNCE LIKE A DEMON..."

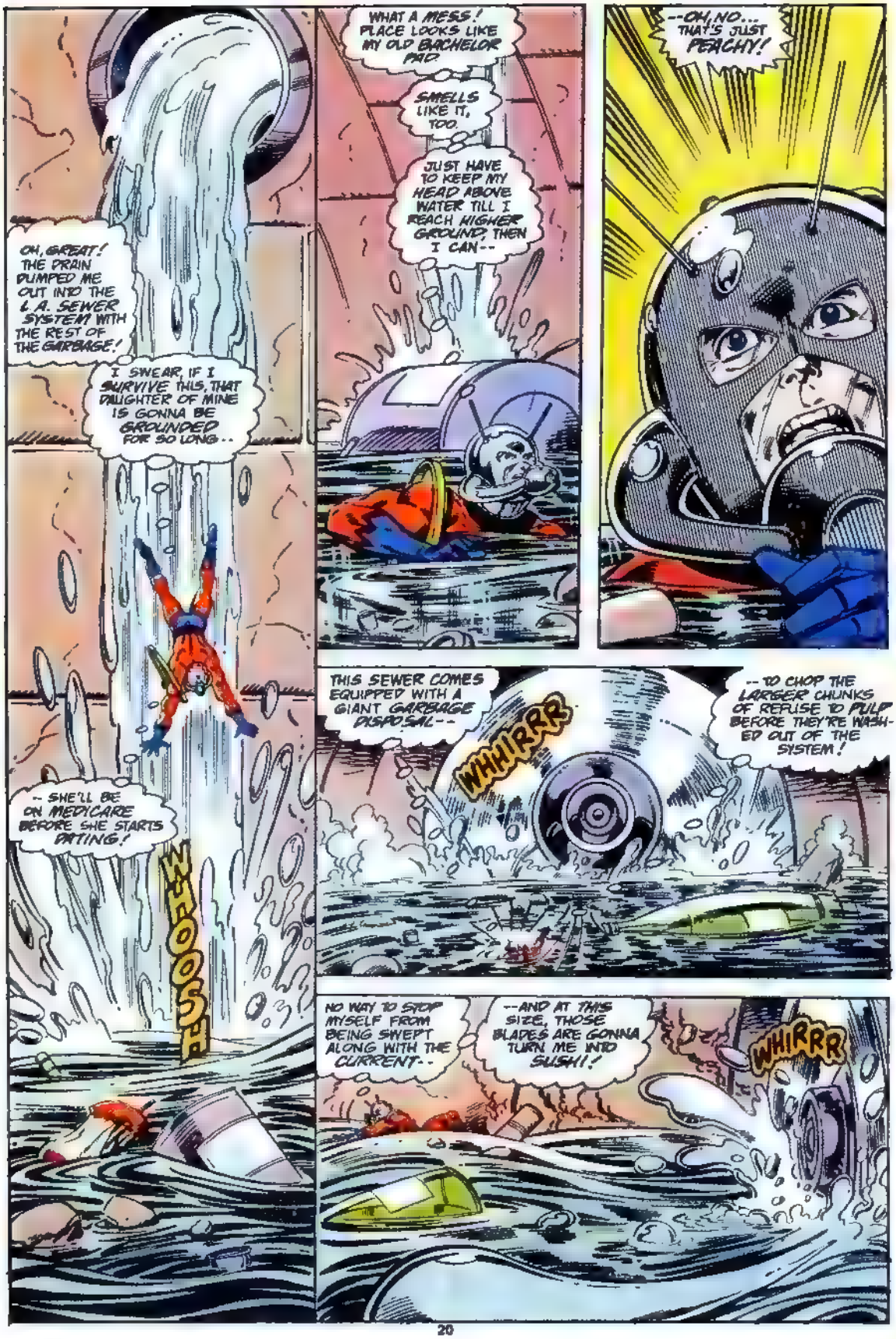
YES. SHE COULD BE VERY STRONG-WILLED, LIKE OUR FRIEND DITILLIO--
--AND, ON OCCASION, AS STUPIDLY STUBBORN AS ZAHNER
YOU WANT THEM POUNDED?
I'M IN TH' MOOD...
MR DITILLIO, MR. ZAHNER-- YOUR CHOICE. YOU TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW, EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOLD THE PRESS--
--OR I LET HARRIS VENT HIS FRUSTRATION ON LISSA'S FACE.
ZAHNER..?
YOUR CALL. HE AIN'T BLUFFIN'.
SAY WE DO TALK...
WHAT'S TO PREVENT YOUR SHOOTING US ALL, ONCE YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANT?
KERRASSH
NEIN!
I'LL BREAKSKULL RIPTHROAT DIE HIM FIRST--!!
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE...

TO THE PRESS, I'M KNOWN AS..
THE ASTONISHING ANT-MAN
-- HALF-INCH TALL SCOURGE OF EVILDOERS EVERYWHERE!
TO MY CLIENTS AND ASSOCIATES, I'M SCOTT LANG -- FOUNDER, OWNER, AND SOLE EMPLOYEE OF ELECTROLANG, INC., A SMALL BUT (PLEASE, LORD) GROWING LOS ANGELES ELECTRONICS FIRM.
BUT TO A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY NAMED CASSANDRA, I'M SIMPLY KNOWN AS DADDY--
-- WHICH CAN SOMETIMES BE THE TOUGHEST JOB OF ALL!
MAN, IT SMELLS LIKE ANTIQUE SWEAT SOCKS DOWN HERE!
GOT TO REMEMBER TO DOSE THIS SINK WITH A DOUBLE-SHOT OF DRAINO WHEN I'M DONE.
PLINK
PLINK

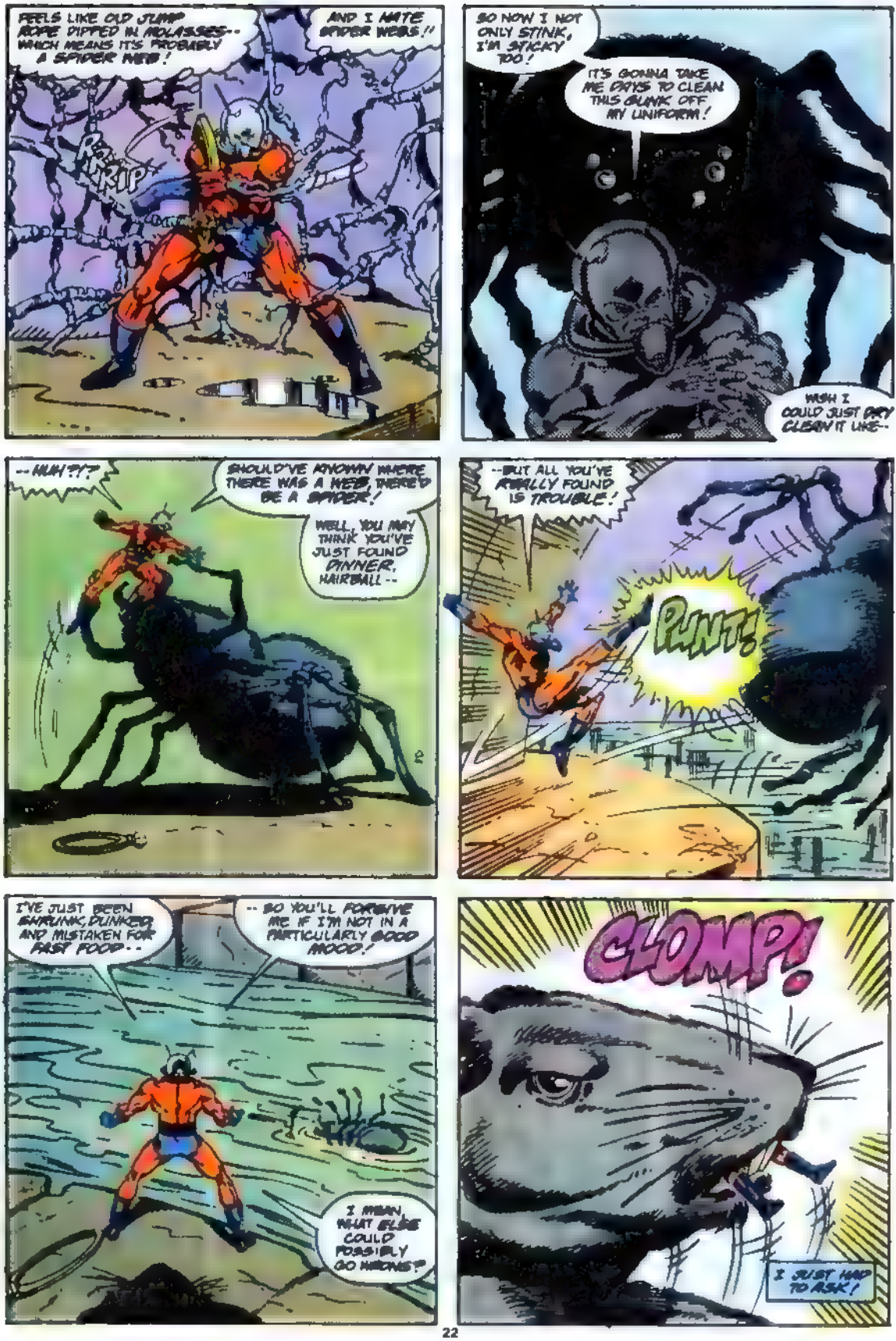
DRAIN STORM!

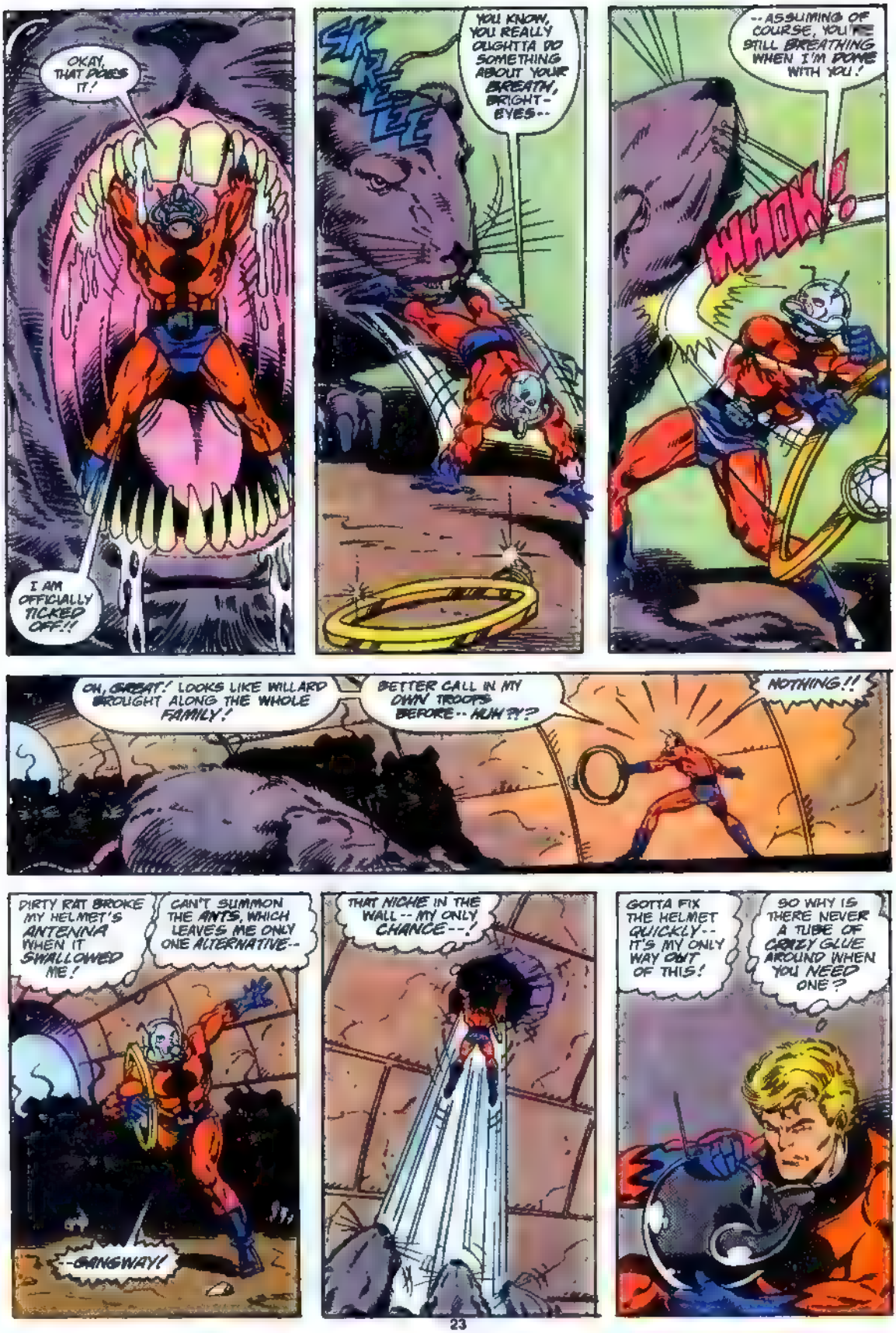

CASSIE WAS PLAYING DRESS-UP WHEN SHE ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED HER LATE GRANDMOTHER'S DIAMOND RING DOWN THE BATHROOM DRAIN.
FIGURED I'D SAVE THE PRICE OF A PLUMBER, AND GO AFTER IT MYSELF...
...ALL IN ALL, I'VE HAD BRIGHTER IDEAS.
DUMB RING--!
WHY WOULDN'T IT STAY ON MY FINGER LIKE IT WAS S'POSED--
--HUH?!?
SOMETHIN' CRAWLIN' OUT THE DRAIN!
OOH--, SHOES!
IT'S A BUG!!
GO AWAY, BUG--GO AWAY!!!
SPLOOSH!
HEY-- WHA--?!?
NO, CASSIE--DON'T!!
YOU'LL--GLUE
OH, GREAT! THAT WAS SMART, CASSIE--REAL SMART!
I JUST WASHED GRAMMA'S RING AWAY WITH THAT STUPID BUG!
BOY, IS DADDY GONNA BE MAD!
SWEETHEART, YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!
EVEN WITH MY FULL-SIZED STRENGTH, THAT SUDDEN GUSH OF WATER STILL CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD!
I'M BEING SWEPT STRAIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN--!

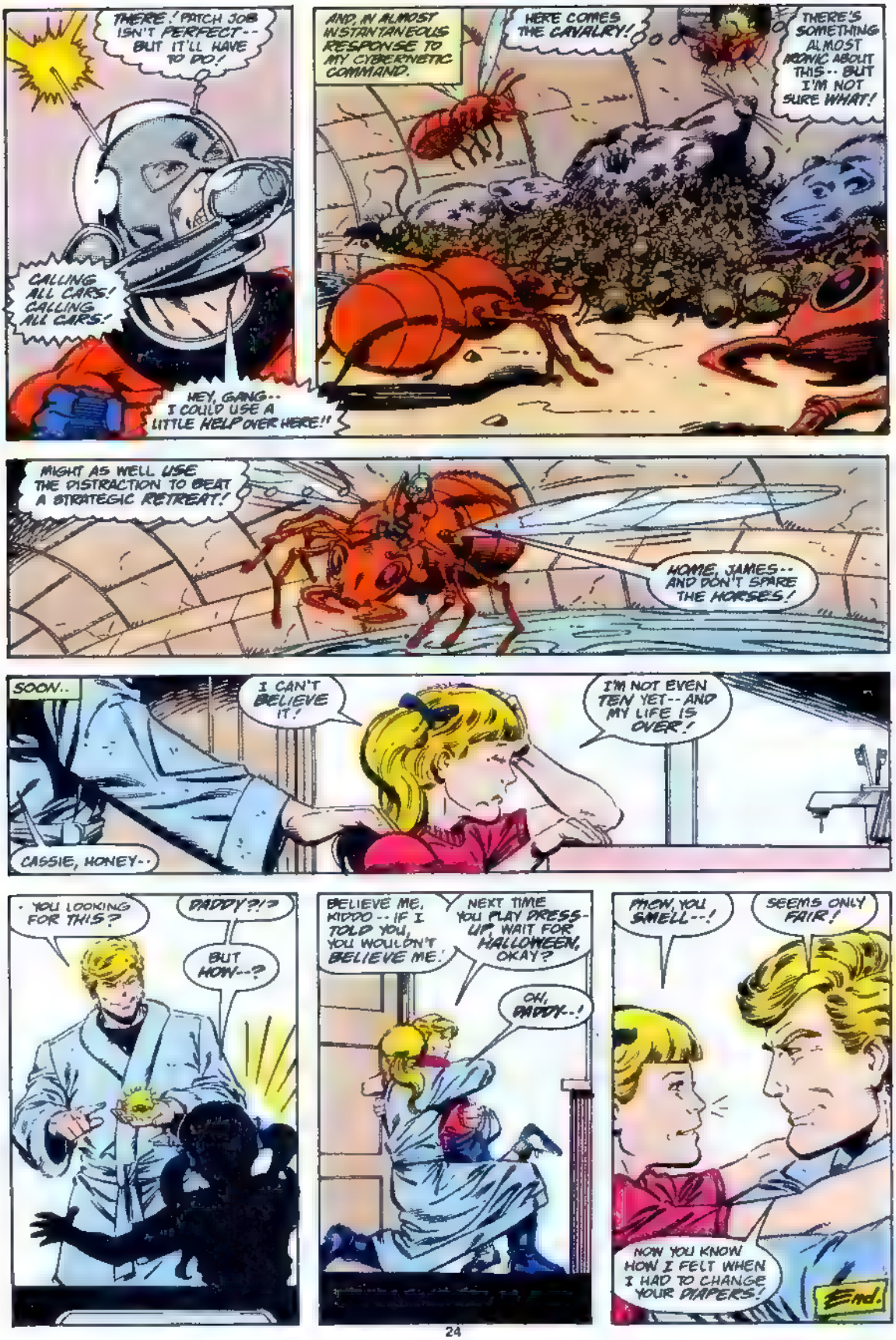

CAN'T USE MY ENLARGING GAS IN HERE WITHOUT RUNNING THE RISK OF CRUSHING MYSELF.
BUT AT LEAST MY HELMET'S FLEX!-- GLASS FACESHIELD AUTOMATICALLY CLICKED INTO PLACE AND ACTIVATED THE EMERGENCY AIR SUPPLY.
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND SOME WAY TO STOP MYSELF--
--BEFORE I'M WASHED CLEAR OUT TO SEA!
THIS NODE OF RUST-- MY ONLY CHANCE--!
NO GOOD--! IT DIDN'T HOLD--!
LOOKS LIKE I'M ABOUT TO TAKE A SEA OUTSIDE.
HEY-- WAIT!
THE DRAIN ROCKS UP AHEAD--!
IF I CAN JUST HANG ON TILL THE RUSH OF WATER PASSES, I CAN CLIMB--
NO-- SIDE TOO SLIMY--
--COULDN'T KEEP MY GRIP--!
THIS IS REALLY GETTING EMBARRASSING!


OH, GREAT! THE DRAIN DUMPED ME OUT INTO THE L.A. SEWER SYSTEM WITH THE REST OF THE GARBAGE!
I SWEAR, IF I SURVIVE THIS, THAT DAUGHTER OF MINE IS GONNA BE GROUNDED FOR SO LONG--
-- SHE'LL BE ON MEDICARE BEFORE SHE STARTS DATING!
WHOOSH
WHAT A MESS! PLACE LOOKS LIKE MY OLD BACHELOR PAD.
SMELLS LIKE IT, TOO.
JUST HAVE TO KEEP MY HEAD ABOVE WATER TILL I REACH HIGHER GROUND, THEN I CAN--
--OH, NO... THAT'S JUST PEACHY!
THIS SEWER COMES EQUIPPED WITH A GIANT GARBAGE DISPOSAL--
WHIRRR
-- TO CHOP THE LARGER CHUNKS OF REFUSE TO PULP BEFORE THEY'RE WASHED OUT OF THE SYSTEM!
NO WAY TO STOP MYSELF FROM BEING SWEPT ALONG WITH THE CURRENT--
--AND AT THIS SIZE, THOSE BLADES ARE GONNA TURN ME INTO SUSHI!
WHIRRR

ONLY ONE CHANCE--
--MY CYBERNETIC HELMET'S BIO-ELECTRIC BLAST!
ZZZZ
ZZZZ
REALLY HAVE TO JAM IT TRY TO OVERLOAD THE DISPOSAL'S MOTOR BEFORE--
FLAMMM!
WELL, THAT'LL PROBABLY PROBABLE KEEP TEAM'S LAB ASSISTANT ON SEWER REPAIRS.
--BUT IT COULDN'T BE HELPED!
HEY, MY FIRST BREAK--!
CURRENT WASHED ME INTO ONE OF THE CITY'S STORM DRAINS
THERE'S A LEDGE ALONG HERE WIDE ENOUGH FOR ME TO STAND.
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ENLARGE MYSELF TO FULL SIZE...
--THEN FOLLOW THIS WALL WAY OUT OF--
--BIP--NO!
AL, THAT BATTERING I TOOK ALONG THE PIPES SHATTERED MY GAS CANISTERS--
--AND WITHOUT 'EM, I'M STUCK AT ANT SIZE!
WELL NO USE IN CRYING OVER SPILT GAS! MIGHT AS WELL START WALKING.
IT'S A LONG WAY HOME FROM HERE-- AND I'M GETTING HUNGRY!
AFTER THAT PEANUT BUTTER AND PRUNE SANDWICH CASSIE MADE ME FOR LUNCH, I THINK I'D BETTER ORDER IN CHINESE OR--
--HUH?!?
HEY, WHAT IS THIS STUFF?


FEELS LIKE OLD JUMP ROPE DIPPED IN MOLASSES-- WHICH MEANS IT'S PROBABLY A SPIDER WEB!
AND I HATE SPIDER WEBS!!
RRIP
RIP
SO NOW I NOT ONLY STINK, I'M STICKY TOO!
IT'S GONNA TAKE ME DAYS TO CLEAN THIS GUNK OFF MY UNIFORM!
WISH I COULD JUST DRY CLEAN IT LIKE--
--HUH?!?
SHOULD'VE KNOWN WHERE THERE WAS A WEB, THERE'D BE A SPIDER!
WELL, YOU MAY THINK YOU'VE JUST FOUND DINNER, HAIRBALL--
--BUT ALL YOU'VE REALLY FOUND IS TROUBLE!
PUNT!
I'VE JUST BEEN SHRUNK, DUNKED, AND MISTAKEN FOR FAST FOOD--
-- SO YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I'M NOT IN A PARTICULARLY GOOD MOOD!
I MEAN, WHAT ELSE COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?
CLOMP!
I JUST HAD TO ASK!


OKAY, THAT DOES IT!
I AM OFFICIALLY TICKED OFF!!
SKREE
YOU KNOW, YOU REALLY OUGHTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR BREATH, BRIGHT-EYES--
--ASSUMING OF COURSE, YOU'RE STILL BREATHING WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU!
WHOK!
OH, GREAT! LOOKS LIKE WILLARD BROUGHT ALONG THE WHOLE FAMILY!
BETTER CALL IN MY OWN TROOPS BEFORE-- HUH?!?
NOTHING!!
DIRTY RAT BROKE MY HELMET'S ANTENNA WHEN IT SWALLOWED ME!
CAN'T SUMMON THE ANTS, WHICH LEAVES ME ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE--
--GANGWAY!
THAT NICHE IN THE WALL -- MY ONLY CHANCE--!
GOTTA FIX THE HELMET QUICKLY-- IT'S MY ONLY WAY OUT OF THIS!
SO WHY IS THERE NEVER A TUBE OF CRAZY GLUE AROUND WHEN YOU NEED ONE?


THERE! PATCH JOB ISN'T PERFECT-- BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO!
CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS!
HEY, GANG-- I COULD USE A LITTLE HELP OVER HERE!!
AND, IN ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS RESPONSE TO MY CYBERNETIC COMMAND.
HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!
THERE'S SOMETHING ALMOST IRONIC ABOUT THIS-- BUT I'M NOT SURE WHAT!
MIGHT AS WELL USE THE DISTRACTION TO BEAT A STRATEGIC RETREAT!
HOME, JAMES-- AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!
SOON..
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
I'M NOT EVEN TEN YET-- AND MY LIFE IS OVER!
CASSIE, HONEY--
YOU LOOKING FOR THIS?
DADDY?!?
BUT HOW--?
BELIEVE ME, KIDDO -- IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME.
NEXT TIME YOU PLAY DRESS-UP, WAIT FOR HALLOWEEN, OKAY?
OH, DADDY--!
PHEW, YOU SMELL--!
SEEMS ONLY FAIR!
NOW YOU KNOW HOW I FELT WHEN I HAD TO CHANGE YOUR DIAPERS!
End.

OVER AND OVER...
FEATURING
SLAG
OF THE WOLFPACK
SLAM!
THE SOUTH BRONX, N.Y.
MICHAEL JORDAN, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!
I HATE PLAYING WITH SLAG!

HE BROKE THE BACKBOARD AGAIN!
OOPS!
F-THUMP!
THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH, SLAG!
FIX IT, SLAG.
RATTLE-BUMP!
OF COURSE, ALL IT NEEDS IS A LITTLE...
..KNOCK.
BANG!
FORGIVE ME, MY DEAR FELLOWS!
GIVE ME A BREAK!
YO, SLAG, COME HERE -- I GOTTA TALK TO YOU!
WHO'S THAT, CHRIS?!
WHAT'S GOING ON?

YOU LOOK AWFUL, MAN--WHAT IS IT? CRACK, HEROIN?
I'M ON CRACK, SLAG. NO LECTURES. I GOT A PROBLEM.
YOU ALSO LOOK SCARED--ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?
SAY NO TO DRUGS
JUICE
YOU'RE MY COUSIN--YOU GOTTA HELP ME!
HOW?
YOU AND THOSE WOLFPACK DUDES YOU HANG WITH ARE ALWAYS COMING DOWN ON DEALERS -- I WANT YOU AND YOUR BOYS TO TALK TO SOMEONE
HIS NAME IS TY-ROCK. HE'S A CRACK DEALER AND I OWE HIM A THOUSAND BUCKS!
I CAN'T PAY HIM AND NOW HE'S TALKING CRAZY!
HE SAYS I HAVE TO KILL THIS COP FOR HIM, OR HE'LL KILL ME FOR THE $-NOTE I OWE HIM!
I CAN'T KILL NO COP, SLAG--WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
DON'T WORRY, CHRIS, YOU'RE FAMILY. I'LL TALK TO THIS TY-ROCK--ALONE--BUT YOU HAVE TO PROMISE ME YOU'RE GOING TO CHECK INTO A DRUG PROGRAM, A REHAB. PROMISE ME, CHRIS!
I PROMISE.
SLAG, WHERE YOU GOING?
I HAVE BUSINESS, TERRY. I'LL HANG OUT LATER!

SOON.
THAT'S THE CRACKHOUSE WHERE TY-ROCK IS--
--BE CAREFUL!
WAIT HERE.
LOOK AT THESE GIRLS--SELLING THEIR BODIES FOR A VIAL OF CRACK...
OOH--CHECK HIM OUT, TANYA!
DON'T BE IN SUCH A RUSH, BIG BOY--HANG OUT!
NO THANK YOU, I'VE BUSINESS INSIDE.
HE'S FINE, BUT HE HAS A BAD ATTITUDE!

INSIDE...
SEE, MAN, YOU USE TOO MUCH COCAINE FOR THE CRACK--YOU JUST NEED A DAB OF COKE--
WHAT THE--!
SLAM!
I WANT TO SEE TY-ROCK, NOW!
YO, PETE--SHOOT HIM!
YOU AIN'T GONNA SEE NOTHIN' BUT THIS!
BUDDA BUDDA
F-THAPP!
ALL YOU'RE GONNA SEE IS MY FOOT!
JUKE
I SUGGEST YOU ALL LEAVE--MY BUSINESS IS WITH TY-ROCK ONLY.
YOU HEARD THE MAN--LET'S BREAK OUT!

F-THOOM!
TY-ROCK!
YOU COULD'A KNOCK'ED, MAN!
WHAT CAN I DO YOU, HOMEBOY?
YOU KNOW MY COUSIN, CHRIS. WE'LL GET YOU THE MONEY HE OWES YOU-- SOON.
IN THE MEANTIME, YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE. NO COP KILLINGS, NO MORE SELLING TO HIM ON CREDIT, PUTTING HIM IN DEBT TO YOU...
IS THAT ALL? TELL YOU WHAT--YOU COME WORK FOR ME AND I'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT CHRIS'S DEBT TO ME.
THE PAY IS MUCH BETTER THAN THAT WOLFPACK!
LOOK AT YOU--RUINING PEOPLE'S LIVES FOR GOLD, MONEY...
...WORST OF ALL, YOU DO IT IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD, SELL IT TO KIDS--YOU MAKE ME SICK!
YO--GET OFF ME!

OKAY, MR. BIG, DEAL WITH THIS!
SNEEK!
I'M GONNA DEAL...
PUMPH!
...WITH YOU!
LET'S TAKE OFF THIS GOLD YOU BOUGHT BY STEALING CHILDREN'S SOULS AND...
...RIP OFF THIS NICE SHIRT.
WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE? NO JOB? MESSED-UPPED LIFE? YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHING, SO YOU LOOK OUT FOR YOURS?
SWIPE!
THERE ARE NO EXCUSES — IF YOU HAVE TO WORK AS A JANITOR, A MAID, YOU DO IT. AND MAYBE YOUR CHILDREN CAN BE DOCTORS AND LAWYERS.
YOU DON'T POISON PEOPLE JUST BECAUSE YOU WANT TO WEAR GOLD, LOOK GOOD, DRIVE A BIG CAR...
SO, NOW YOU'RE JUST NAKED -- LIKE YOUR JUNKIE CUSTOMERS, AFRAID, DESPERATE.
HOW DOES IT FEEL?
LEAVE CHRIS ALONG.

EVERYTHING IS FINE, CHRIS. YOU'LL BE SAFE.

NOW YOU'RE GOING TO A REHAB CENTER FOR HELP.
YEAH, SURE-- BUT NOT TODAY, MAN...

...MAYBE TOMORROW.
THANKS, CUZ.
YO, SLAG!

WE HEARD YOU HAD STATIC AT THIS CRACKHOUSE...
ARE YOU OKAY--IS IT OVER?

NO, WHEELS, IT'S NEVER OVER.
FIN.

THE MAN-THING
SLAG
THE ASTONISHING ANT-MAN